

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 3.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1842.

No. 39.

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at \$3 in advance, or \$4 at the end of the year. No paper discontinued but at the option of the editors until all arrears are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

For one square twelve months, twenty dollars. Where the insertion of an advertisement is ordered, without the number of insertions being specified, it will be inserted, (at the discretion of the proprietors) until forbid, and charged for accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers, as well as all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference to some responsible and convenient acquaintance.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

A. R. OLDHAM, Middle Grove, Monroe co.
JAMES HUGHES, Richmond, Ray co.
JAMES HEAD, Four Mile Prairie, Randolph co.
W. F. SWITZLER, Columbia, Boone co.
C. P. BROWN, Platte City, Platte co.
THOMAS JACKMAN, Rochester, Boone co.
WM. D. MALONE, Huntsville, Randolph co.
B. F. WHITE, Linneus, Linn co.
GEO. H. HUBBELL, Trenton, Grundy co.

From the Rose, for 1843.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

The circling years bring round again,
Life of my life! our wedding day,
While memory leads a misty train,
Of fears and pains long passed away;

With eyes which fond reflections fill,
Those half-forgotten pains I see,
And almost wish I felt them still,
Since it was sweet to weep for thee;

But if (O strange, capricious heart!)
If to recall the past once more,
'Twere doomed that we again must part,
I'd spurn the boon I now implore.

For though life's bloomy, vivid hours
Be fading fast, though sudden joys
No longer through desponding showers
Tumultuous fire my ardent eyes;

Though I no longer see from far
Thy figure, lighter than the air,
Bounding beneath the morning star,
To meet me on the mountain there;

Yet do I find a softer grace
The seat of that gay charm assume,
And milder, tenderer tints displace
The richness of thy summer bloom.

Then, oft thy conscious beauty shelt
Triumphant shafts to quell the free;
Now, those dear eyes have quite forgot
To shine for any one but me;

And though they now no lightnings dart,
Yet every beam is full of love;
And love is beauty's deathless part,
Its source, its soul, in realms above.

I know that all thy wishes, thoughts,
Affections, hopes, are each mine own;
Devoted even to my faults,
And prizing life for me alone.

Then wherefore should I e'er regret
Those times when thou wast cold to this;
When as we parted, or we met,
I trembling snatched th' unwilling kiss!

Ah now, within my faithful arms
I press thee with a fondler thrill;
I see thy soul in fuller charms,
And think thy face unrivalled still!

THE BUSTLE.

The following lines from the St. Louis Ledger, written by some fair one, speak volumes to the very of the sterner sex, who persist in ridiculing the very fashionable and interesting appendage to a lady's dress, 'yecept the bustle. Hear what she says:

Good Mr. Editor, why this war
Upon the ladies' favorite bustle?
This enemy our fashions jar,
And make our silks with anger rustle.

Why strike a coward blow behind,
When you should boldly front the foe?
A blow like this is sure unkind—
This I've resolved to let you know.

We will not bear this outrage long,
So mark my words you naughty man!
If e'er again you do us wrong,
We'll banish you and all your clan.

Morality is, after all, a great blessing; for when wearied and way-worn, as we often feel in treading the paths of this mental wilderness, how delightful the thought that we shall lay ourselves down and sleep in peace—and as Time creeps on, and the world falls to pieces round about us, and the friends we have cherished are gone: all gone—is it not sweetly consoling to think, that though they cannot return to us, we shall assuredly go to them!

THE TORY LOVER; OR, LOVE AND PATRIOTISM.

A Tale of the Battle of Brandywine.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "LAFAYETTE," "CAPTAIN KYD," &c., &c.

On the outskirts of the village of Newark, in Delaware, stood at the time of our story, a neat farm-cottage, with a majestic elm growing before its door. In the distance, over the fields and woodlands, could be seen the spires of the town and a silvery glimpse of the river Delaware, with a group of vessels of war, anchored full three leagues off. The cottage stood a little back from the dust of the frequently travelled road, with a green sward between. It had an inviting appearance of comfort, and never failed to attract the eye of the passing traveller.

The sun was near setting, one pleasant afternoon in September, 1777, when a young man, half in uniform, half in citizen's dress, came out of the cottage door followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arm, and evidently in earnest entreaty with him. He was tall and handsome, though sunbrowned, and bore the appearance of a young farmer. She was rustic too, in her dress, but her face was very fair and beautiful, and her manners refined above the condition to which she seemed to belong. Tears were in her large blue eyes and one of her hands clasped his, while the other lay upon his shoulder.

"Why will you go, dear George, into this dreadful contest? To-morrow you may be brought home to me a mangled corpse! Oh, fearful, fearful! Say you will not go, and fight against your own country! This is worst of all!"

"I am a loyal King's man, Annette, and if I fight, it must be on his side. The people are rebels, and will yet be put down, and heads will soon fly from the scaffold like wheat heads beneath the sickle."

"No, never! The cause is a right one—a holy one, George, and Heaven will prosper it," she answered, with enthusiasm. "I am grieved that one I so dearly love—to whom my troth was plighted before this quarrel broke out, and tory and rebel were unknown, should now be going forth, armed, to join the foes of my and his country, against his own brethren. If we be wrong, yet we are your kindred—your neighbors, and this should unite your sympathies with us, at least."

"You need not speak, dear Annette. I am resolved in the approaching battle to draw my sword for my King. Cornwallis and Howe are now within a few leagues, marching on—Washington and his forces have taken ground to oppose his passage of the Brandywine—and to-morrow the battle will take place, and Philadelphia be in our hands."

The maiden was silent for an instant with her face hid—at length she spoke, and said gravely:

"Dear George, I feel as if I was called upon to sacrifice my love for you to my country's honor! How can I love my bleeding country and at the same time him whose sword is ready to pierce its bosom. Turn, for my sake, George, and be an American in heart, as you are by birth, and as you should be in honor."

"You need not urge me, Annette," said the young man, impatiently; "I will never draw my sword in favor of a rebel cause."

"But it so, and I pledge myself never to give my love to a traitor," answered the maiden, with spirit. Thus perish the troth that hath been plighted to one who has proved false to himself and his country! And thus speaking, the spirited girl took from her finger her betrothal ring, and cast it at his feet.

The young tory lover gazed upon her with surprise and anger, which, as he saw her re-entering the dwelling with a resolute step, without even casting a glance upon him, instantly changed into one of entreaty.

"Stay, Annette, do not leave me thus. You are not surely in earnest. Come back, and let me talk with thee. If you can thus idly break your troth, I love you too well to do so myself."

"You love me, George Lee!" she repeated, with scorn; "you love me! when you are now ready to go forth and draw your weapon and aim your rifle at the hearts of my father and brother, who are in the ranks of Washington, ready to do and die for their country! Out upon such love! I will none of it! Go, traitor to love and honor! fight for the tyrant King George, and be his slave as he is thy master."

With these spirited words, the young girl entered the house and closed the inner door, thus shutting out all farther speech with her unworthy and recreant lover. The young volunteer of toryism stood for a few moments looking both mortified and angry, and happening to see the ring at his feet in the sudden and bitter feeling of the moment, he ground it into the earth with his iron heel.

"Yes, let it and her perish, if they will. I am a fool to love a rebel's daughter, and a rebel's sister!"

Thus speaking, he strode moodily to the

elm before the door, where his caparisoned horse was standing, and vaulting into the saddle, spurred at full speed away in the direction of the British army.

The following day, the country for miles around the cottage was echoing with artillery and the roar of musketry. Two conflicting armies were engaged in deadly contest, close at hand in the scene of death and horror. Annette had a father, a brother, and shall we say it?—a lover: for though her patriotic feelings made her cast him off, her affections still retained his image in her heart. On all sides, columns were charging, engaging, retreating, and the tide of battle now rolled this way and that, and still came in the direction of the road that led past the cottage.

Annette was part of the time fearfully watching the clouds of smoke that marked the progress of the combatants, and part of the time on her knees in prayer for those she loved—and was George Lee excluded from her petitions! Let each maiden's own heart answer.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of artillery, and the roar of the battle! She stood with her aged mother and gathered neighbors, upon the green beneath the elm, in painful expectation. The smoke of the battle-field rolled onward, and now they could hear the shouts of the soldiers in the fight. Their position commanded a view of a mile along the road, and soon they beheld scattered troops flying across it, at its extremity, and disappearing in the woods. Then came a squadron of horse, broken and retreating; and then artillery drawn at full gallop, came into the road. The American flag flew from staffs stuck on the gun carriages, and Annette knew that her countrymen were defeated. Loud and more fearful now grew the uproar of battle beyond the wood, and regiment after regiment, broken and terrified, filled the road and were retreating along it towards Chester, and past the cottage.

Annette's anxiety for her countrymen, and for her father and brother, would not let her quit her post; and the tide of battle came rolling past her—a terrific spectacle! The dragoons galloped by, each horseman riding by himself, with his reins thrown upon his saddle bow; then came the artillery thundering along, followed by a multitude of soldiers without order, flying at the top of their speed.

"Oh, shame, shame," she cried with hot tears in her eyes; "oh! that I were a man, and in the saddle, methinks my single arm would retrieve the day! Where is Washington! He certainly cannot fly!"

As she spoke, she heard on her right, down the road, a loud, commanding voice, calling on the retreating men to rally! She turned and beheld Washington himself, who, hearing of the giving way of the right wing, had come up at the head of a regiment to sustain it. His voice and presence now instilled new life into the flying soldiery, and they soon rallied in the road, and presented a front to the columns of British that were pursuing. General Howe, seeing this demonstration of resistance, and knowing Washington to be there in person, withdrew from pursuit, satisfied with having routed the wing. The American troops then slowly retreated in good order towards a strong position on the heights not far off.

Annette was delighted to see that among those who fled were neither her father nor her brother; but she was pained to discover among the pursuers her own false lover, who, seeing her at a distance, reined up his horse and turned aside, hoping to escape her notice. When she saw this, she resolved she would not only banish him from her heart, but from her thoughts. But the resolutions of a maiden in love, are made only to be broken, especially when the lover is the object of them.

It was about eight o'clock, the evening of the battle, when Annette was seated in her door, listening to every footstep, expecting her father and brother. It was a pleasant night, but the time was a sad one. She fancied the winds wafted to her the moans of the dying and wounded, from the fields around where the fight had been, and her heart was full of forebodings of evil to those dear to her. All at once she heard the approach of horses' feet, and starting up with solicitous expectation—for she knew neither her father nor brother were mounted—she waited nervously the advance of the horseman along the road. He came at a slow pace, and as he drew nearer, she discovered by the light of the moon that he was an officer, and that his horse was wounded. Instead of passing the house towards the town, he turned up to the door and rode towards her. She was too familiar with scenes of danger, and the incidents of those warlike times to feel alarm, and waited quietly his approach to the door-stone.

"Good evening, maiden," he said, with a foreign accent; "I pray thee give me your hospitality a brief space—I and my horse are both wounded, and he will carry me no further, I fear."

There was something in the gentle tones of the voice of the stranger, as well as in his noble figure and engaging address, that immediately interested Annette in him; and without asking whether he were friend or foe, she invited him to alight and

enter the dwelling. With some difficulty he got to the ground, for his leg was stiff with his wound. She assisted him, and received his grateful thanks. He then examined first his horse's wound, and with her aid dressed it, and had him put into the shed and protected from the night air, with plenty of hay. When this was done, he went with her into the house, and submitted his foot and ankle, which had been shattered by a cannon shot, to the skill of the mother and daughter. Annette then provided him refreshments, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible, without knowing whether he were one of her country's invaders or defenders; but his foreign accent led her to suspect that he was the former. But Annette was a Christian, and she remembered and obeyed the injunction of our Saviour—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

The ensuing morning, the grateful stranger was about to leave. His horse was at the door, much improved, as well as his master.

"My sweet maid," said the officer, "you must take gold, for I can repay thy hospitality in no other way."

"Cease to fight against my country is all I ask, sir," she said, warmly.

The officer smiled and said, "Have you, then, regarded me as a foe; and still done all this for me?"

"I have done my duty, sir."

"You are a noble girl, and I am happy to let you know you have not thrown your benevolence away upon one undeserving of it. I am an officer under Washington."

The stranger then remounted his horse, and was about taking leave of her, and Annette had it on her tongue to ask him who he was, when two men made their appearance before the house with guns and knapsacks.

"Father and brother!" cried she, joyfully receiving their embraces, as they hastened towards her. "What officer is this? he says he is under Washington."

The young man glanced at his face, which had been turned from them, and answered, with pride and pleasure, "Do you not know him? It is the young French General, Lafayette."

They then went towards him, and paid their respects, informing him that there had been fears he had been slain.

"No, no," he said, "my brave men. I heedlessly wandered from my staff after night, and coming to this house, was hospitably entertained by the maiden, who mistook me for an English officer, yet did nothing lack in her charities. You are honored, Monsieur, in having so generous a child."

Thus speaking, the young French soldier made his adieus, and rode away.

After congratulating each other upon their safety, the brother told her that they had only come to see her for a few hours, and were to return to the army the same night. They told her also that the column which had pursued their right wing along the road past the cottage, had afterwards been met by General Knyphausen, and had been compelled to give up much of the vantage ground it had gained, with the loss of a great many men, slain and taken prisoners. Annette recollected that George was in this division, and she would have asked for intelligence of him, but her pride kept her silent. At length her brother and father went into the house, and as she was following them, a young man, who had been a rival of George Lee's, rode up to the door, alighted, and called in a high tone of voice to her brother—

"Ho! Reuben, did you hear the news? George Lee was taken last night skulking in the camp, and he is to be hung this afternoon as a spy!"

Annette heard, and came near falling to the ground. She, however, recovered herself, and with a bursting heart hastened, without making any outcry, to her own chamber. She still loved her tory lover, and now that he was likely to die, all her heart bled for him, and all her love returned in its strength.

"He shall not die!" she said reluctantly; "I will save him."

That afternoon George Lee was brought out for execution in the rebel camp. Lafayette was in his tent, when Annette breaking through the guards, threw herself at his feet, and implored his intercession for her lover's life. He recognized his hostess, and hastened with her to Washington. What he said to his chief we know not; but we do know George Lee was pardoned, and the next day was attached to Lafayette's body guard. In the subsequent battles of the Revolutionary struggle, he distinguished himself by his valour and devotion to the American cause, and at the close of the war was married to Annette, whose patriotism was rewarded by the fulfilment of those hopes of love which she had so nobly sacrificed in behalf of it.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the interval of the acts.—He seeks for fame, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men.

GOV. POPE, OF KENTUCKY.

The following letter evinces the true spirit of patriotism—honor—and personal independence:

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 25.

To the Editor of the Lexington Intelligencer.

Sir—On my return to this city a few days since, from Prince Edward county, Virginia, I was shown an article in your paper taken, I believe, from some other paper which I had not read, in reference to some remarks imputed to me about a change of my opinion in relation to a National Bank. I shall not admit or deny or enter into any controversy about casual conversations. I can make no issue on the subject. I have no recollection of the fact stated. I feel confident, however, that I have not expressed my sentiments about men or measures contrary to my votes and speeches in Congress, and if I had, I could cite many illustrious examples in mitigation of my offence. My public conduct must be judged and passed on by my constituents and my country by my recorded acts and public explanations, and by them the question whether I am a wing or not must be determined.

This same article contains a contemptible insinuation that I am or incline to be a Tyler man. Now, sir, as I have no letter writers or newspapers under my control, and as the manner is for every ambitious man to puff himself or have it done, I hope to be pardoned for saying a word for myself. I have been for the greatest part of forty years a public man—have bestowed some consideration on public matters, and have the vanity to think I understand the principles and policy of this government about as well as any other gentleman in the country. I have therefore too much respect for myself to be the man of Mr. Tyler or any other person. I voted for Mr. Tyler, and intend to treat him with respect, and intend to give his measures a fair support so far as I approve them. I have no hostility to him, but have not seen him often, nor had any private political conversations with him for twelve months, and very few gentlemen in Congress have had less private communications on public matters with his peculiar friends than myself. Few, very few appointments, if any, have been made at my particular instance. I am at full liberty to oppose or support his measures. I intend to pursue the even tenor of my way until the end of the third day of March next, and if I should again be a candidate before the people, they will be at no loss to understand my position and my view of public matters. I have served them for seven sessions, generally at my post in the House, and I hope they will do me the justice to admit that I have served them with fidelity.

Before I conclude this letter, which I request you to give a place in your paper without delay, I will add that I have been a uniform supporter of a National Bank for more than thirty years, through good and evil report, whether popular or unpopular. The numerous frauds committed by banks under the control of private stockholders, which have been exposed to the public within a short period, have inclined me to think that a bank under public control and for the general benefit, would be more likely to have the support of the people. My mind has undergone some change in relation to the plan of a bank, which I have often expressed and may have led to the error of the statement referred to in your paper.

I could not find your paper to-day above referred to, and have noticed according to my impression of its contents.

Yours, JOHN POPE.

A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world, and it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventures, and embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection. If shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

Happiness does not consist so much in having much to enjoy, as the faculty to enjoy a little. He who cannot be happy without taking great pains, will always find his pains far greater than his happiness. It is a beautiful thought of Addison's that one man often takes more pleasure in the contemplation of a fine estate, than another does in the possession. The former derives much pleasure from the estate, without being burdened with the possession—the latter, burdened with the cares of possession, derives little pleasure from the estate; the one finds an estate in the beauties, the other finds no beauties in the estate.—The possession of enjoyment is better than the enjoyment of possession.

Man's exit from the world would be a gloomy one indeed, were not the lamp of hope kept constantly burning at the portals of death.

If you want knowledge read the newspapers—not one, alone, but several. If your wife scolds, hold your tongue. When business presses, press business—keep the press going.